

LIGHT

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ANIMAL SURVIVAL

BOOK IN WHICH A MASS OF INTERESTING EVIDENCE
IS PRESENTED

Review by H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY

I HAVE no doubt it does one good to come across a book which breeds a more sympathetic feeling towards the demands of doubting Thomases in other fields. There are legends where even an array of distinguished and wholly reliable names cannot supply the conviction to be derived from personal contact.

I do not question for a moment the stories Mrs. Barbanell has to tell of animal intelligence.

I have had dogs, cats and horses myself whose intelligence and kindly natures far surpassed those of many humans I have known, and of whose clairvoyant and telepathic aptitudes I have become convinced: indeed, it is a mere commonplace that animals can sense psychic dangers, presences and encouragements of which only a Sensitive would have been aware.

And if some dogs are as stupid as many men and women, others can base their acts on a reasoned sequence of probabilities.

But I have never suspected even the most intelligent animals who have lived with me of an ability to discourse of time and eternity possessed by some of the dogs in this most interesting volume,* who could also "solve problems in arithmetic that confounded many a human used to dealing with mathematics."

Lola, an Airedale terrier, could, we are told, "talk," tell the time, even when no clock was visible, and excuse her large appetite by the lack of nourishment in her food. She was sure that dogs and horses have souls, that she would go to heaven when she died, and explained canine attachments because "dogs had in some past epoch made an oath or promise to each other concerning humans."

Kurwenal, a dachshund, was also sure that a dog's soul was "eternal like the soul of man;" he could name the authors of well-known quotations, and once gave a

**When Your Animal Dies*, by Sylvia Barbanell. London. Psychic Press Limited. 1940. 5/-.

short resumé of a three-act drama which the Baroness von Freytag-Lorinhoven had, in his presence, three years previously, read aloud to her sister. He loved the scent of flowers, composed "nice little poems," had a keen sense of humour, and once, when interviewed by a young animal-psychologist, snapped out: "I answer no doubters. Bother the asses." He cut into a conversation on the slaughter of dogs for food with: "The Christian religion prohibits killing;" but we are not told if he was a vegetarian. Professor Max Müller, a distinguished veterinary surgeon who examined him, declared that "between the activity of the human and animal brain, on which thinking capacity depends, there is no basic dissimilarity, but only a difference of degree."

There is a charming story of a mongrel dog, Whiskey, who often had to be persuaded to eat his slice of bread and butter at breakfast by the threat that, if he left it, it would be given to the birds.

Once when the threat failed of its effects, so little was the food to his liking, he picked up the slice with his bared teeth, so as not even to get a taste of it, carried it down the garden path, and laid it on the patch where the birds' food was scattered, as though to say: "Well, let the confounded birds have it, I won't eat it, anyhow!"

The world has known for long of the famous Elberfeld horses, and dispute raged over the authenticity of their achievements, which included the extraction of square and cube roots; but their performance is surpassed by that of a Shetland pony, Black Bear, a jet-black stallion, who was examined by Mr. Arthur Goadby and Mr. Bligh Bond, both well known Psychical Researchers. The pony's replies to mathematical questions were "brilliantly and sensationally accurate," which included his description of a diagonal as "the line of the hypotenuse."

He could recall events in American history, even of periods he had not been taught; could solve sums in addition after simply glancing at the row of figures. He described the auric effluence from Mr. Goadby's forehead, and enumerated the invisible forms of men and women in the room.

Mr. Goadby considered him to exhibit the intellect of a highly cultured human being. "His knowledge, tact, wit, courtesy and poise, even his occasional manifestations of boredom and indifference, or sophistication and dislike, are all distinctly human traits." He added that "there are certain modulations of his supernormal nature that enable him to enter into rapport with discarnate and therefore invisible human beings."

The elephant's intelligence is served by a single story. The good ship *Maharajah*, tender to the Indian Penal Settlement at Port Blair, Andaman Islands, was, one morning, dressed with bunting at 8 a.m. to celebrate the skipper's birthday. In the Islands a large herd of

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trained elephants was employed in the work of felling and clearing. Early in the forenoon watch, the following signal was received from the shore semaphore station:

"O.H.M.S. From Chief Commissioner, Port Blair, to Commanding Officer *Maharajah*: Please undress ship. Our elephants, seeing your flags, think its a public holiday and refuse to work.'"

A SURPRISING FEATURE

The most surprising feature in this little book is Mrs. Barbanell's accomplishment in securing the almost bewildering volume of evidence in proof of animal return. Page after page is loaded with incident, and the author wisely does not waste her space on piling up lists of corroborative observers. You may take it or leave it, and it would be a sturdy scepticism which could survive this mass of unprejudiced affirmation.

For the bulk of these happy people who met, quite unexpectedly, visions of animals they had loved and lost, were not Spiritualists, and had not given a thought to the possibilities of survival. Some may have had vague hopes of meeting on the Other Side, but sorrowfully left it at that.

And it is curious that clairvoyant vision does not seem to have been needed to see these phantom dogs and cats, and to feel their caresses. Neither were any special conditions required. Mrs. Lockwood met the wraith of her cat in the Devon fields, far from her home, and while still ignorant that it had passed over; and quite a number of such reappearances happened out-of-doors.

It is also curious that, when not materialised—that is, when only to be seen by a Sensitive—dogs and cats can make their presence "felt," by paws and tail, or their weight upon your knee; can bark and mew and purr, though they certainly don't use a trumpet.

At a sitting with Mr. Charles Glover Botham, the materialised form of a large dog suddenly appeared, and after joyously greeting one sitter after another in the circle, lapped up the contents of a bowl of water, without spilling a drop. Has anyone explained what

happens to the water occasionally drunk by materialised forms?

Though, as a rule, the spirits of cats and dogs are quite at home with human spirits, the author tells us that, when they meet the denser forms of earth-bound spirits, "they often show emotion and fear at the sight of one of these unfortunate beings, caught between two states of existence. A cat's hair will stand on end, and a dog will howl and show the utmost terror in the presence of one of these tormented earth-bound souls."

Was it possibly one of these, or something inhumanly monstrous, that accounted for the terror of Captain Gregson's terriers in Borley Rectory?

MACHINERY OF SURVIVAL

Perhaps the most valuable chapter in the book is the one in which Silver Birch answers questions on the machinery of Survival. He confirms the general belief that it is human love which enables the animal to retain its individuality—since that is what Survival means to it—after death.

In any case it survives, to be received again by the Group-Soul from which it has emerged. The individuality only persists so long as it can keep in spiritual contact with its human friend, and that must depend on the pace of the human's spiritual development.

The progress of the group is helped by the return of these individualised members, and apparently it is a part of the group which is at last incarnated in human form, as a "new soul."

That, of course, does not conform to the evolutionist idea, which regards even the most human of the apes as having come to a dead end, but it does provide a reservoir of "new souls," which is obviously needed to provide for the increasing multitude of mankind.

But it is difficult to conceive the process of conversion; and even so advanced a specimen as Lola had no wish to join the human family.

Silver Birch agrees with Kurwenal as to the taking of life, though he does not go so far as to say that killing is prohibited by the Christian religion; and when questioned as to the slaughter of pests and vermin rather evades the point. In the world to-day killing is essential for our continued existence, and, without killing on a stupendous scale, the world would never have reached its present comparative tranquillity.

A good deal will have to be done to the lion's digestion before he can be trusted to lie down beside and not outside the lamb, and though man might be improved by a vegetable diet, neither his dog nor his cat would, if free, consent to be confined to it, and it is impossible to agree with Silver Birch that if it be right to kill a chicken or a fox it is equally right for a man to kill his brother.

Miss Lind-af-Hageby contributes an appreciative foreword, but she does not endorse all the teachings of Silver Birch.

SHRI MEHER BABA

I WAS intensely interested to see in a recent issue of *LIGHT* Charles J. Seymour's article about "Baba," as he is affectionately called.

I was one of a privileged number to meet and have lunch with him some time back in London, and was seated at the extreme opposite end of the table, he at the head. It was an extraordinarily fine seat from which to study this fine character and during the meal a ray of light of different colour reached from the top of Baba's head to the head of each one present at the table. It was a most illuminating vision for me, and Baba's presence is really very "feeling," if I may use that word. His handshake also conveyed strength (not a hard grip, but real feeling) and warm friendliness.

I have also had the privilege to read some of Baba's messages, one of which promised that if the reader ever wanted Baba and concentrated he, Baba, would appear to that one in a vision, and this I certainly proved to be true, having been given a very vivid vision of Baba.

His teachings are surely very helpful, and I was most glad to read Charles J. Seymour's remarks.

(Mrs.) DOROTHY TURNER.

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"NONA'S" CHEERING MESSAGE

By FREDERIC H. WOOD

"THIS WAR," wrote Nona, Rosemary's Guide, "will change many things, but people's attitude most of all."

We were discussing on November 26th our opportunities for future work. "Your country will shortly assume the offensive, and when success is reached through the crumbling-up of the foe, then your hour will come, and you will get your hearing," she added, and I think she included all psychic workers whose motives are good.

"The War will not last nearly as long as people are expecting," wrote Nona. "It is already beginning to crumble. Hitler is definitely past his peak. We have always told you that the unexpected would happen in the course of this War, and we knew the result would be a sudden disintegration of the Hitler regime and all it stands for, based on the utter falsity of the thing he has built up. None of it is real. It has won its way by one thing alone—the power of utter evil and brute force over the weak."

"We knew that if we could penetrate this black patch through to the Fear which was holding people back, we could help them. Now we have done it, and Greece in her brave stand has had much to do with it. The cloud whose strength throve on the Fear it created is gradually breaking up. The power generated in your sittings has been put to good use, and if we can increase our contacts with the spiritual forces still alight in Europe we shall mitigate the power of the evil influences which throng around Hitler. They will fade away as darkness before the light. That is why we know that—sooner than your experts anticipate—German aggression will crumble, and future histories will marvel at the great evil which attained such power and then fell away quite suddenly, leaving behind all this distress and sad havoc to be cleared away and set right."

"Therefore, while we encourage you to overcome your foe, we hope and pray that when the settling-up does come you will grasp the essential verities, and use spiritual vision in framing a New Order. Believe me, it is the only one which will last. I fear more for the Peace than for the War. None of you succeeded last time. I wonder whether any of you will now be equal to making a real Peace? I wonder!"

Our readers can answer Nona's query for themselves. I would only suggest that if all the people who will make the Peace had *our* psychic knowledge, and that of most readers of LIGHT, the ensuing Peace would be real enough, and lasting withal. But can we educate them to it in time?

THE SORROW OF LONDON

The sorrow of London is one of the world's greatest tragedies. At the present time she is mourning her dead; but those who have lost, have not lost in vain. They will realise this when the Crown of Victory is theirs.

The great sacrifice had to be, for it is a part of the Divine Will that those who suffer for a righteous cause shall be given the fruits of Victory.

Fear not, for out of the wreckage shall arise a Greater London—a city cleansed of much that retarded her progress. She will be held in esteem the world over, because she has shown a mighty spirit, and this will never die. It will be handed down from generation to generation, and she will be looked upon to lead the world. So in your sorrow, rejoice for that which is to come—Peace and Prosperity. HESTER PLATT.
Worthing.

THE "BERESFORD" "GHOST"

APPARITION WHICH LEFT ITS HANDMARK AND PREDICTED CORRECTLY

THE story of how a boy and girl made a compact that the one who died first would appear to the other, and how this compact was kept by the appearance of an apparition real enough to leave his signature and other signs of his presence is told by H. C. Lawlor in an article in the *Belfast Telegraph* (November 8th).

The girl, Nichola Sophia Hamilton, grew up and married Sir Tristram Beresford; the boy, John de la Poer, was later known as the 2nd Earl of Tyrone.

In October, 1693 (as shown by the records) Lady Beresford visited her sister, Lady Magill, at Gill Hall, County Down, Ireland. She was in normal health and spirits and went to bed on the night of October 14th at the usual time, to sleep in the great four-poster bed until lately to be seen in the guest room in Gill Hall.

She went comfortably to sleep, but after some time she experienced a dreamy consciousness that someone was in the room. Wakening up she realised that Lord Tyrone was stading by her bedside. He told her he had come according to their old compact and that he had died that morning.

"How shall I know that this is not a dream?" she said. To convince her, he wrote his name in her pocket book, twisted the curtains of the bed through one of the curtain rings, and finally placed his finger on her wrist, leaving thereon a finger mark which remained during her life, and which she ever afterwards kept covered by a band of black velvet.

He told her that she would lose her husband by death; and after a time she would fall deeply in love with someone else, whom she would marry; that the marriage would be very unhappy and that she would die in childbirth in her 42nd year. Then after putting his hand on the writing desk the figure vanished.

Lady Beresford dozed off again, thinking it must all have been a dream; in the morning she found the signature in her pocket book, the twisted curtains in the ring, the mark of the hand on the desk (which remains there to this day), and above all, the mark on her wrist.

If she had any doubts remaining, they were removed by the arrival of a letter, later that day, announcing that the Earl had died suddenly the previous morning.

In the process of time the vivid impression made on the lady's mind diminished. Sir Tristram Beresford died in 1701. In 1703 she met and fell in love with an army officer named Richard Gorges, who, though younger than she, was mutually attracted. They married in 1704, and although at first much attached to each other, they eventually quarrelled and separated.

But separation in time produced in both a loneliness and renewed longing for each other; quarrels were forgotten and they came together again. A year later the lady gave a small party to celebrate the 42nd anniversary of her birthday, and thinking of Lord Tyrone's prophecy, she told the guests how intensely relieved she was to have entered her 43rd year.

Among the company was an old clergyman who had baptised her; he assured her she was mistaken and that she was only now entering on her 42nd year.

This, to her, momentous announcement so unnerved her that she fainted and was immediately seized with pains of labour. Her child was born that night, but the mother and babe passed away with the arrival of dawn.

The writer of the article states that the great four-poster bed in which Lady Beresford slept and the writing desk with the hand mark of the Beresford Ghost have recently been removed to be treasured in Montalto, the home of the Earl of Clanwilliam.

The Society of Friends, though a religious body, escapes Nazi persecution. Their monthly journal, *Der Quaker*, is published in Germany and continues to appear regularly under the Editorship of August Fricke of Stuttgart.

Light

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EDITOR

GEORGE H. LETHEM

AS WE SEE IT

SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

WE have often urged that Spiritualism need not—and in our opinion *should not*—be regarded as a Religion, one among many, and, like most of the others, claiming that it only offers the way of salvation.

It does not follow, however, that we think of Spiritualism as something remote from Religion. On the contrary, we think it has a direct and practical bearing on all Religion, and that the facts on which it is based can be used as standards by which to judge the correctness or fallacy of many religious beliefs. We think "Imperator" was right when, through the hand of the Rev. William Stainton Moses, he wrote: "We wish to urge upon you the fact that Spiritualism is a system of religious teaching." Not "a Religion," be it noted, but a "system of religious teaching," with a bearing on all Religions.

Spiritualism need not be—and in our opinion should not be—proclaimed as a rival to any of the world-religions, and certainly not to Christianity, which had its origin in events that cannot be satisfactorily understood or explained without the light that Spiritualism sheds upon them. But, like other facts, the facts of Spiritualism, when accepted, must affect certain beliefs which have come to be associated with Christianity, confirming or disproving them.

ERRONEOUS BELIEFS CHALLENGED

There was a time, not so long ago, when orthodox Christian teaching demanded belief that the world was created, less than five thousand years ago, on a three-storey design—Heaven above, Earth in the centre, and Hell below, with the Sun, Moon and Stars as subsidiaries. The ascertained facts of Geology and Astronomy proved clearly and emphatically that these beliefs were wrong—and they had to be abandoned by the Churches, though not without a long struggle and much bitterness and suffering and even persecution.

In a similar way, the facts of Proved Survival and Communication challenge *certain* beliefs still embodied in the Christian Creeds; and, when accepted, the facts necessitate the revision of these beliefs. The effect, however, need not be—and, in most cases, will not be—to destroy confidence in the essentials of Christianity but, by clarifying belief and resting it on ascertained fact, to make it less open to doubt and assault.

The teachings of Christianity regarding the Life after Death—as most Christians will admit—are confused and contradictory, old beliefs struggling with present-day knowledge. Even inside any particular body—such as the Anglican Church, or the Presbyterian or Methodist Church (and to a lesser extent because of more rigidly dogmatic teaching, the Roman Catholic Church), a puzzling variety of doctrine is presented, so that an inquirer may well conclude (as many have concluded) that as they cannot possibly all be right the probability is that they are all wrong.

PROVIDING MEANS FOR WISE DECISION

Here Spiritualism can be of use by providing the means for a wise decision as to the rival teachings.

Spiritualism proves, for example, that conscious personality persists, without interruption, beyond the death of the physical body, complete with memory and all that makes personality identifiable. Therefore, it follows that those Christians are wrong who teach

that the Souls of the Departed are asleep and that they must remain asleep until the resurrection at the "last day."

Again, Spiritualism provides evidence that, even during earth-life, the Soul-body is the active organism or vehicle of human consciousness, and that, when the physical body dies or is killed, consciousness continues to act through the Soul-body, which is real and substantial, although invisible and intangible to physical senses. Therefore, those Christians must be wrong who teach that Survival depends on the resurrection of the physical body.

Also, Spiritualism proves that Communication with the Departed actually takes place when fitting conditions are provided, and that clear indications are received through these Communications that—for a time at least—those who pass to the Other Side continue to take an interest in those they have left behind, and sometimes observe what they are doing—thus proving their nearness. Therefore, those Christians must be mistaken who teach that, immediately after Death, the Souls of the Departed go either to a distant Heaven or a distant Hell, far beyond the possibility of contact with those on earth or any knowledge of their doings.

Still further, Spiritualism produces good evidence to show that—as Jesus taught—the condition of the Departed depends on their character and conduct, and not on their beliefs, except so far as beliefs influence character and conduct. Therefore, those Christians must be wrong who teach (as some still do) that belief is the deciding factor, and that those who do not believe correctly—which, of course, means believing as these particular Churches do—will be lost eternally.

RIVAL CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES

In all these examples, it will be noted, the choice presented is between rival Christian theories, with the Spiritualist evidence as a guide to wise decision.

For, be it remembered, there *are* Christians who teach that Life is Continuous after Death, that Survival does not depend on the resurrection of the physical body, that the Departed do know what is happening to those they have left behind, and that the condition of the Departed in the Beyond is decided by Character and not by belief.

What Spiritualism does to help the inquirer is to put before him facts which enable him to decide which of the rival theories is right and which is wrong. So that, so far from Spiritualism appearing as a rival to the Religion of Jesus—which is not always identical with Orthodox Christianity—it will be seen (as we think it should be seen) as a helpful ally of all that is true in Christian teaching and giving challenge to that which is false.

ALTERNATIVES OPEN TO SPIRITUALISTS

These considerations are of special importance just now, when, owing to war-bereavements and war-dangers, there is an insistent demand for clearer teaching as to what happens after Death.

Spiritualists have the alternatives of trying to make the teaching of the Churches true and effective, recognising that a majority of the people concerned are certain to look to the Churches for enlightenment; or of taking up an anti-Church, or even anti-Christian, attitude, which is certain to antagonise Christians and so prevent them from recognising how much Christianity and Spiritualism have in common.

Whilst asserting with full conviction that, in present conditions, Spiritualism must continue to make its own testimony clear and effective—for that is its primary and imperative duty—we believe that the general good demands that Spiritualists should be ready to co-operate with the Churches, so far as the Churches are ready and willing, remembering always—as one Bishop at least has pointed out—that Materialism is the common enemy against which the Churches and Spiritualism are fighting, and that in a very real sense "all Christians are Spiritualists."

MEN, EVENTS AND BOOKS—SOME PSYCHIC NOTES

BOMBED !

READERS of LIGHT will feel much sympathy for the officials and members of the "White Eagle Lodge," whose meeting-place, Pembroke Hall, Kensington, London, W.8, has been bombed, necessitating the finding of other premises. Furniture, carpets, fittings, etc., all smothered inches deep with dirt, have been salvaged. All papers, books and printed matter are safe; and no one was injured.

The White Lodge Journal *Angelus*, states: "The significant fact that so many churches have suffered is indicative of the nature of those Principalities and Powers of which the perpetrators of the actual act are the agents and ultimate victims. Those Principalities and Powers concentrate at present upon any organisation active in spreading the Light, or likely to be forceful for good in the years to come. This is the nature of such Powers, inasmuch as it is inherent in the forces of the Light to suffer, to endure, and in the end to triumph."

"WHITE EAGLE'S" TEACHING

The following are passages taken from the teachings of White Eagle:

"You must learn to discriminate between that which is *your* work, *your* responsibility, and that fine distinction over which neither you nor your Guide must tread. The Guides know that while they can help by perhaps showing you possibilities, pointing out beauties on the road of life, indicating to you how your life can yield a richer spiritual experience, they will not attempt to interfere with the lessons which you have to learn. The Guide seeks to give you help and inspiration and comfort along your path, but not to make decisions for you."

"One day the soul will meet with perhaps the greatest test—that of dispassion. The soul is by nature emotional, and easily becomes indignant, upset, and hurt by trifling things. To become dispassionate is one of the most important lessons. The soul must learn to keep its equilibrium. Endeavour always to maintain an even and still vibration."

"Many other tests come to the Aspirant. We are tested for fear. For discrimination—we cannot discriminate between the false and the true. If you come up against a certain experience which you would give anything to escape from, go through it with a patient steady spirit, knowing that it is perhaps Karma which has to be endured. Remember also that you are paying off a past debt. However difficult, the experience will be worth while."

EXPERIENCES IN INDIA

F. Yeats-Brown, well-known as the author of *Bengal Lancer*, returned a few years ago to India and has written in a fascinating manner of the varied experiences he had there, in a book called *Lancer at Large* (Gollancz, Ltd.). Many of the marvels he witnessed are reminiscent of those described by Paul Brunton; and there are many passages in the book that should interest readers of LIGHT. Take for instance his visit to Sir Jagadis and Lady Bose—"dear friends," he says of them, "in whom I always find all that is best and most beautiful in the mind of Asia."

"I saw them again," he writes, "the mimosa that rings a bell to record its rate of feeding, the reactions of a leaf to sun and shade, the electrical measurement of the ascent of sap, a carrot under the whip of alcohol, a flower under a narcotic. With Sir Jagadis it is not a theory that *all life is one*: it is a scientific fact. There is a provable basis of unity in composition, structure, reaction to outer stimulus, that runs through all matter. A plant needs sleep, glories in the sunlight, winces when struck. A steel girder will grow tired of its burden. These things he has drawn out in diagrams and charted in graphs by means of instruments of marvellous

delicacy and precision. And all the instruments have been made by Indian craftsmen."

MARVELLOUS COUNTRY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

After meeting many exponents of Eastern teaching, the Author says to himself: "I ought not to call myself a Christian, perhaps, but I do, and shall. I believe with St. Ignatius that the purpose of man on earth is *to praise God his Lord and to save his soul*. And how praise? And how save? Not for being created do I praise the Creator, nor to save myself from His wrath at having made me what I am. Such concepts seem to me absurd. I praise God my Lord because I take delight in this world of which I am a part, as an atom in the ocean of Universal Consciousness; and I try to save my soul in order that I may know the beauty and joy of life . . . I think more of the high-powered brains in Europe and America should turn their attention from unimaginative and largely useless experiments on animals to chart the marvellous country of the Unconscious."

"Yogi breathing," Mr. Yeats-Brown writes, "pushes the mind off its high and mighty perch, rolls it in the dust of Unconscious, slaps it into awareness, and blesses it with a sense of humour. I realise now why Hindu Sages are so gay; no man who has ever seen a glimpse of Reality will ever pull a long face about the present. The Truth is, we are still savages in some ways, compared to the Indians. How could we be otherwise? We have been educating ourselves since the Renaissance. Their Culture was at its height 2,400 years ago."

SPIRITUAL HEALING

Miss X., in an article in *Borderland* on "Vignes," the Healer of the Cevennes, during the close of the last century, lays stress on the simplicity of this Protestant peasant, who took neither credit nor fees for the cures he undoubtedly brought about, ascribing invariably the "miracle" to the power of God. She writes:

"In calling such cures 'suggestion,' one does not necessarily deny the possibility of miracle;" though, on the other hand, judging from the analogy of the cures by hypnotic suggestion so forcibly brought to our notice by the science of our day, the hypothesis of miracle is not necessary. 'I touch, but God healeth,' the formula used by our own Kings from Edward the Confessor down to the accession of the House of Hanover, when the sovereign gift of healing ceased and the Church Office for the 'King's Touch' was banished from our Prayer Book, is suggestive on this point. The employment of a material agency, *the recognition of a physical method*, leaves us nevertheless free to believe in a *cause which is spiritual*, in the appeal, whatever the method of suggestion, to the Divine which is within."

THE TRUE HEALER

"The passion of aspiration," Miss X. continued, "in itself the badge of our imperfection, is nevertheless the highest of human emotions; and it is an encouraging and interesting fact that, even in relation to the phenomenon of physical healing, it is stimulated by charity on the part of the healer, by faith and hope on the part of the healed. Your true healer is no mere quack doctor, he is an *enthusiast*—a fanatic, if you will. The laying on of hands is much the same in its form to-day as it was two thousand years ago—faith removed mountains then as now. The hypnotist requires the concurrence of your will, that is, of faith in the phenomenon, or he is powerless; and, to speak it reverently, our Lord Himself demanded a like attitude. 'As thou believest so be it unto thee' was the formula then as now. Cases are frequent when the daily miracle of living ceases with faith in its continuance. Every Doctor can quote cases of patients who have died from mere self-suggestion because, for some reason, they expected to do so."

M.A.B.

Greece: Some Psychic Experiences.**2.—UNVEILING OF THE RUPERT BROOKE MEMORIAL**

By WALLIS MANSFORD

I QUICKLY found that my action in consenting to represent the London Institution and the Poetry Society at the unveiling of the memorial to "Rupert Brooke and Immortal Poetry," brought its responsibilities as well as its privileges.

Spirit influence was again at work, and through the courtesy of His Highness the Rajah Gwuekar of Baroda (who owned Aldworth) I was enabled to take to Greece a wreath composed of leaves from the famous bay tree which belonged to Tennyson. This had a special significance, as Rupert Brooke in life always defended Tennyson's work and memory, and it linked the memorial in Greece with a Poet Laureate of England and a cultured lover of poetry from our Indian Empire.

Then I was guided to obtain a wreath of ivy and evergreens from Byron's garden at Newstead Abbey, in the hope that Monsieur Venizelos would see fit to lay it on the memorial in the name of the Greek nation.

Whilst the negotiations necessitated in obtaining these wreaths in time for my departure were complicated, delicate, and difficult in the extreme, the difficulties were successfully surmounted, and the wreaths were the means of the whole of my luggage being passed through the Customs at Boulogne with the minimum of trouble, and the French railway officials (who, like their countrymen, are always partial to ceremony) went out of their way to ensure that the long overland journey to Marseilles should be as comfortable as possible, and on my arrival there I found my cabin on the *S.S. Patras II.* all that could be desired.

Everything seemed to combine in an extremely favourable way to make my course enjoyable and successful. I had only been on the boat a few minutes when, in looking at the chart of our voyage, I came into quite unexpected contact with a charming cultured lady, who immediately offered to act as my volunteer interpreter throughout the entire journey, so that the language difficulty disappeared.

On reaching the Aegean Sea, after calling at Piraeus, we sailed to Crete, and then landed on the following islands of Cyclades, Milos, Naxos, Paros, Syra, Myknos, Delos and Santorin immortalised by James Elroy Flecker, who composed a beautiful poem named after it.

We then sailed north to the Sporades; and, early on Easter Sunday, 1931, we landed on the island of Scyros, and made a pilgrimage to Rupert Brooke's grave, approaching it by the rocky mountain path so admirably described to me by the Clairvoyant nine years before.

Near the time of my starting for Greece, warning messages came through from the Other Side, telling me to be very careful not to slip on any of the loose stones, which I found on the spot to be a distinct danger to those traversing the path up the gorge to Rupert Brooke's grave.

Escorted by picturesque native shepherds with their crooks, and the music of the sheep-bells wafted on the breeze, we gathered to hear Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, the Poet's friend, read "The Soldier" and to lay flowers on the grave. Altogether a touching and beautiful experience not describable in mere words, but fully fulfilling the Spirit forecast made to me many years in advance.

Let me interpolate here an interesting fact. The copy of Rupert Brooke's poems from which Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie read "The Soldier" was one taken by myself, the only copy taken to Greece out of the whole party. I at one time hesitated about taking it, owing to shortage of room, but at the last moment squeezed it in on the top of all my other things. It would have been a great misfortune had I omitted it.

After my return home, at a private sitting with Mr.

Vout Peters, Rupert Brooke commented as follows: "The book I induced you to take to Greece was made use of; you packed it after all on the top of your things. It was an inspiration to have taken it, for everyone else forgot to do so."

The memorial to "Rupert Brooke and Immortal Poetry" is erected on a summit, near to the town of Syros, overlooking the Aegean sea. His Excellency Eleutherios Venizelos, then Prime Minister of Greece, in unveiling the memorial on behalf of the Greek nation, laid the wreath that I had brought from Byron's garden at Newstead Abbey, and feelingly explained its derivation to the assembled company. The wreath was the means of affording me the privilege of a chat with His Excellency, one of the great outstanding personalities of his time.

When various dignitaries had deposited their wreaths, I was called upon to lay mine on behalf of the London Institution and the Poetry Society. Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie then spoke a few appropriate words in tribute to his friend, and we had orations from Greek, French, Italian and Belgian poets.

On the conclusion of the ceremony, I took the opportunity of thanking Monsieur Venizelos for his presence, Michel Tembros (the sculptor) for his artistic work, and the Mayor for his generous hospitality.

We were entertained to a dance by the shepherds, an island handicraft exhibition, folk dances, fireworks on departure, and much besides.

Then, through the helpful assistance of the Chief of the Police, I was driven in the company of my lady volunteer interpreter, in one of the very few motor cars available, across the island to rejoin our ship, which, owing to a high wind, lay at anchor in a sheltered bay.

My little poem "In Remembrance—Rupert Brooke" (reprinted from *The Observer* by permission) was circulated at dinner the same evening as a souvenir of the unveiling ceremony, distributed on the day, in conformity with the express wish of my band of helpers on the Other Side. So ended a memorable day.

(Next week—After the Tour: A Grecian Recital).

DEDICATION

Alert to catch the meaning of the "still small voice"
of Truth,
And girt with golden girdle of a heart and mind at
peace,
I kneel before the throne of God, detached from things
of earth,
Entirely consecrated to Humanity's release
From sorrow, pain, and suffering, from ignorance and sin,
Till all have reached the Kingdom, and found sanctuary
within.

DOROTHY KENRICK.

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WHAT OUR READERS ARE SAYING

BAFFLING DREAM PROBLEM

IN answer to Mrs. J. Howell-Smith's query (LIGHT, November 14th) about her dream of the two men en route to Grange Road, Brighton, I confess that no straightforward explanation seems to offer itself, other than the incredible idea of advanced "time-travelling," or genuine precognition of future events of unpredictable kind. And such a dream should especially interest Mr. J. W. Dunne.

Nevertheless, such an hypothesis, involving an apparently rigid predestination is, to my mind, in every sense quite *unthinkable*. And I feel that we should go to almost any extreme before countenancing such an idea. I therefore prefer to invoke some sort of psychical *rapprochement* between the two parties, even though as yet unacquainted, on the basis of a part coincidence of projected purpose; though that obviously could not occur in this instance by mutual telepathy, even *via* a third party. Moreover, we are here confronted by two serious obstacles, as follows:

First, one must assume that the route and general purpose of the two parties were already preconceived (if only subconsciously) at the time of the prophetic dream; and that would necessitate your correspondent having precognised her invitation to lunch, by telepathy. That, however, is by no means improbable. Second—and this is more difficult, though not impossible, to credit—one has to assume that the two parties happened both to achieve some sort of "astral projection," in their sleep, to the scene of the subsequent encounter.

In other words, I suggest that it is quite reasonable to suppose that such *rencontres* may, at times, occur in advance of actuality by virtue of a (? semi-physical) process of astral projection in *space*, here and now, rather than by any purely "psychic" (? mental) forward travelling in *time*. Yet the net result is AS IF such time travelling had occurred, and is, therefore, nominally precognitive. But it is essential that what has frequently been described as "astral projection" (the evidence for which I am personally inclined to accept at its face value) be granted; and one must not jib, moreover, at telepathy and mental community of consciousness (which I also freely take as having been proved), even of an occasionally roundabout kind. The more hopelessly inexplicable forms of precognition then cease to exist as such.

Such problems and cases I hope to analyse more fully in a book, later on, as they are too long or complex to be dealt with properly in short articles. One cannot, in any case, expect simple solutions of such enigmas, and a relatively subtle and roundabout explanation may eventually prove to be inevitable. And it is particularly interesting to note that, in instances of the present kind, the dream or what-not would cease to be regarded as "precognitive" if either one or other of the parties concerned happened subsequently to change his or her plans, route or time, whether voluntarily or otherwise; which, again, raises the interesting reflection that quite the greater proportion of our dreams may really partake of the astral travelling and encounter variety (*ex hypothesi*), but without subsequent materialistic fulfilment in waking life—as is clearly supposed by Hindu philosophy—*vide*, for instance, the Invocation to Brahma in the *Agrouchada Parikchai* of the Indian initiates, a beautifully poetic passage in which the voyaging of the soul, and its communion with its ancestors during sleep is explicitly described. And if that is so, then much light is shed on at least one class of dreams and on spiritistic action at large.

(J. CECIL MABY).

SYMBOLIC DREAM: WHAT IT MAY MEAN

Sir,—This is my reading of "John O'Dreams" Symbolic Dream (October 31st):

What the Moon is now in the solar system, the Mind is in the system of the Soul; it receives and reflects the Light.

The Stars of the Heaven are Souls, and the attributes

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of souls who have known Christhood. For as the Sun is the Lord within the Sanctuary of the Soul, and the Moon the Soul's intuition, so the Stars are its attributes, and when it is in Christhood, it is as the Star given to those who overcome. The rising Star foretold the arising of the Christhood.

I take it that the Soul of the world has lost the Inner Light through materialisation and is therefore dark and invisible.

"John O'Dreams" had a blinding flash of truth which told him to realise what was happening. There was no light in the Moon. The dark cloud which swept across the sky was in varying degrees of consciousness—dark—less dense, and light at the top; and the Star remained; the Morning Star, the Sun as the Lord, whose glory arising giveth back the glory of the day to the Soul, so they would once again be children of the radiance of love.

Armageddon is with us now. The evil trinity is being over-thrown by Divine Trinity. Hate, darkness and death will be extinguished through the triumphant Love, Light and Life of God. It was a very beautiful vision!

M. HAWKINS.

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S SEALED LETTER

Sir,—Is it not likely that Sir Oliver Lodge may use several Mediums in the endeavour to communicate the contents of his sealed letter? Would it not be as well, therefore, for the S.P.R. to wait until it receives from different sources—and perhaps from different parts of the world—messages, each of which gives approximately the same description of the contents of the sealed envelope.

J. H. SYMONS.

(A letter from Mr. W. H. Salter, Hon. Secretary of the S.P.R., relating to Sir Oliver Lodge's "sealed letter" will appear in next week's issue of LIGHT).

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